

The James and Younger Boys

THE JAMES AND YOUNGER BOYS 5103 A

Cotton Davis Woodville, 1941

I am a bonded highwayman Cole Younger is my name Through many a temptation I've brought my friends to shame. For the robbing of the Northfield bank They say I can't deny And now I am a poor prisoner In the Stillwater Jail I lie.

Come listen, comrades, listen, A story I will tell Of a California miner On whom my fate befell We robbed him of his money, boys, And bid him go on his way, And that I'll always be sorry for Until my dying day.

The next thing we defended them of Was the Union Pacific Railway The engineer and foreman got killed The conductor escaped alive And now their poor bodies lies moulderin' Beneath Nebraska skies

We started then for Texas That good old Lone Star state Out on the Nebraska prairies The James boys we did meet With guns, cards, and revolvers We all set down to play And drank a lot of good whiskey, boys, To pass the time away.

We started then to the Northward And northward we did go To that God forsaken country Called Minnesot-ee-o Our eyes being fixed on Northfield Bay When Brother Bob did say - "Cole, if you undertake that job, You'll surely curse the day."

THE JAMES AND YOUNGER BOYS 5103 A

Library of Congress

We pointed out our pickets Up to the bay did go And there upon the counter We made our
fatal blow Saying, hand me down your money, boys, And make no scarce delay, We are
the James and Younger Boys And spare no time to pray